

AFTER FOURSORE YEARS.

Good night, dear heart, good night,
Nay, let our weeping cease;
Her morning breaks where cloudless light
Bathes the fair hills of peace.

That peace to her so dear
Has settled on her brow,
And now, methinks, the angels hear
Her gentle "Thee" and "Thou."

Close the sweet, patient eyes—
Why mourn their fading light?
Her vision sweeps celestial skies
Where there is no more night.

Fold the dear earth-born hands,
They clasp our own no more;
She greets among immortal bands
Her loved ones gone before.

No dying agony
In this last hour is given;
One look across the silent sea,
One step—from earth to Heaven.

One little sigh for sleep,
A fluttering of the breast,
And then—O wherefore should we weep?
She enters into rest.

Toward this calm resting place
Long was the way she trod,
And so we cover up her face
And leave it all with God.

—Mrs. Julia M. Dana, in N. W. Christian Advocate.

THE MISTRESS
of the Mine.

or A Woman Intervenes.

By Robert Barr.

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CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

The parasol broke with a sharp snap, and the girl murmured: "Oh," but the murmur was faint.

"Never mind the parasol," he said, pulling it from between them and tossing it aside. "I'll get you another."

"Reckless man!" she gasped. "You little know how much it cost. And I think, you know, I ought to have been consulted—in an affair of this kind—George."

"There was no time. I acted upon your own advice—promptly. You are not angry, Jennie, my dear girl, are you?"

"I suppose I'm not, though I think I ought to be, especially as I know only too well that I held my heart in my hand the whole time, almost offering it to you. I hope you won't treat it as you have treated the sunshade."

He kissed her for answer.

"You see," she said, putting his necktie straight, "I liked you from the very first, far more than I knew at the time. If you—I'm not trying to justify myself, you know—but if you had—well—just coaxed me a little yourself, I would never have sent that cable message. You seemed to give up everything, and you sent Kenyon to me, and that made me angry. I expected you to come back to me, but you never came."

"I was a stupid fool. I always am, when I get a fair chance."

"Oh, no, you're not, but you do need some one to take care of you."

She suddenly held him at arm's length from her.

"You don't imagine for a moment, George Wentworth, that I came here to-day for—this."

"Certainly not," cried the honest young man with much indignant fervor, drawing her again toward him.

"Then it's all right. I couldn't bear to have you think such a thing, especially—well, I'll tell you why, some day. But I do wish you had a title. Do they get noble accountants in this country, George?"

"No, they knight only rich fools."

"Oh, I'm so glad of that, for you'll get rich on the mine, and I'll be Lady Wentworth yet."

She drew his head down until her laughing lips touched his.

CHAPTER XX.

Although the steamship that took Kenyon to America was one of the speediest in the Atlantic service, yet the voyage was inexpressively dreary to him. He spent most of his time walking up and down the deck thinking about the other voyage of a few months before. The one consolation of his present trip was its quickness.

When he arrived at his hotel in New York, he asked if there was any message there for him, and the clerk handed him an envelope, which he tore open. It was a cable dispatch from Wentworth, with the words: "Longworth at Windsor. Proceed to Ottawa immediately. Get option renewed. Longworth duping us."

John knitted his brows and wondered where Windsor was. The clerk, seeing his perplexity, asked if he could be of any assistance.

"I have received this cablegram, but don't quite understand it. Where is Windsor?"

"Oh, that means the Windsor hotel. Just up the street."

Kenyon registered, and told the clerk to assign him a room and send his baggage up to it when it came. Then he walked out from the hotel and sought the Windsor.

He found the colossal hostelry, and was just inquiring of the clerk whether a Mr. Longworth was staying there when that gentleman appeared at the desk and took some letters and his key.

Kenyon tapped him on the shoulder. Young Longworth turned round with more alacrity than he usually displayed, and gave a long whistle of surprise when he saw whom it was.

"In the name of all the gods," he cried, "what are you doing here?" Then, before Kenyon could reply, he said: "Come up to my room."

They went to the elevator, rose a few stories, and passed down an apparently endless hall, carpeted with some noiseless stuff that gave no echo of the footfall. Longworth put his key into the door and opened it. They entered a large and pleasant room.

"Well," he said, "this is a surprise. What is the reason of your being here? Anything wrong in London?"

"Nothing wrong so far as I am aware. We received no cablegrams from you, and thought there might be some hitch in the business: therefore I came."

"Ah, I see. I cabled over to your address and said I was staying at the Windsor for a few days. I sent a cablegram almost as long as a letter, but it didn't appear to do any good."

"No; I did not receive it."

"And what did you expect was wrong over here?"

"That I did not know. I knew you had time to get to Ottawa and see the mine in twelve days from London. Not hearing from you in that time, and knowing the option was running out, both Wentworth and I became anxious, and so I came over."

"Exactly. Well, I'm afraid you've had your trip for nothing."

"What do you mean? Is not the mine all I said it was?"

"Oh! the mine is all right; all I meant was, there was really no necessity of your coming."

"But, you know, the option ends in a very short time."

"Well, the option, like the mine, is all right. I thing you might quite safely have left it in my hands."

It must be admitted that John Kenyon began to feel he had acted with unreasonable rashness in taking his long trip.

"Is Mr. Melville here with you?"

"Mr. Melville has returned home. He had not time to stay longer. All he wanted to do was to satisfy himself about the mine. He was satisfied, and he has gone home. If you were in London now you would be able to see him."

"Did you meet Mr. Von Brent?"

"Yes; he took us to the mine."

"And did you say anything about the option to him?"

"Well, we had some conversation about it. There will be no trouble about the option. What Von Brent wants is to sell his mine, that is all."

There was a few moments' silence, then Longworth said: "When are you going back?"

"I don't know. I think I ought to see Von Brent. I am not at all easy about leaving matters as they are. I think I ought to get a renewal of the option. It is not wise to risk things as we are doing. Von Brent might at

any time get an offer for his mine, just as we are forming our company, and, of course, if the option had not been renewed, he would sell to the first man who put down the money. As you say, all he wants is to sell the mine."

Longworth was busy opening his letters and apparently paying very little attention to what Kenyon said. At last, however, he spoke:

"If I were you, if you care to take my advice, I would go straight back to England. You will do no good here. I merely say this to save you any further trouble, time and expense."

"Don't you think it would be as well to get a renewal of the option?"

"Oh! certainly; but, as I told you before, it was not at all necessary for you to come over. I may say, furthermore, that Von Brent will not again renew the option without a handsome sum down, to be forfeited if the company is not formed. Have you the money to pay him?"

"No, I have not."

"Very well, then, there will not be the slightest use in your seeing Von Brent."

Young Mr. Longworth arched his eyebrows and gazed at John through his eyeglass. "I will let you have my third of the money if that will do any good."

"How much money does Von Brent want?"

"How should I know? To tell you the truth, Mr. Kenyon, and truth never hurts, or oughtn't to, I don't at all like this visit of yours to America. You and Mr. Wentworth have been good enough to be suspicious about me from the very first. You have not taken any pains to conceal it, either of you. Your appearance in America at this particular juncture is nothing more nor less than an insult to me. I intend to receive it as such."

"I have no intention of insulting you," said Kenyon, "if you are dealing fairly with me."

"There it is again. That remark is an insult. I wish to have nothing more to say to you. I give you my advice that it is better for you, and cheaper, to go back to London. You need not act on it unless you like. I have nothing further to say to you, and so this interview may as well be considered closed."

"And how about the mine?"

"I imagine the mine will take care of itself."

"Do you think this is courteous treatment of a business partner?"

"My dear sir, I do not take my lessons in courtesy from you. Whether you are pleased or displeased with my treatment of you is a matter of supreme indifference to me. I am tired of living in an atmosphere of suspicion, and I have done with it, that's all. You think some game is being played on you—both you and Wentworth think that—and yet you haven't the 'cuteness' as they call it here, or the sharpness to find it out. Now, a man who has suspicions he cannot prove should keep those suspicions to himself until he can. That is my advice to you. I wish you good day."

John Kenyon walked back to his hotel more suspicious than ever. He wrote a letter to Wentworth detailing the conversation, telling him Melville had sailed for home and advising him to see that gentleman. He stayed in New York that night and took the morning train to Montreal. In due time he arrived at Ottawa and called on Von Brent. He found that gentleman in his chambers, looking as if he had never left the room since the option was signed. Von Brent at first did not recognize his visitor, but, after gazing a moment at him, he sprang from his chair and held out his hand.

"I really did not know you," he said; "you have changed a great deal since I saw you last. You look haggard and not at all well. What is the matter with you?"

"I do not think anything is the matter. I am in very good health, thank you. I have had a few business worries, that is all."

"Ah, yes!" said Von Brent. "I am very sorry, indeed, you failed to form your company."

"Failed!" echoed Kenyon.

"Yes; you haven't succeeded, have you?"

"Well, I don't know about that; we are in a fair way to succeed. You met Longworth and Melville, who came out to see the mine. I saw Longworth in New York, and he told me you had taken them out there."

"Are they interested with you in the mine?"

"Certainly; they are helping me to form the company."

Von Brent seemed amazed. "I did not understand that at all. In fact, I understood the exact opposite. I thought you had attempted to form a company and failed. They showed me an attack in one of the financial papers upon you, and said that killed your chances of forming a company in London. They were here, apparently, on their own business."

"And what was their business?"

"To buy the mine."

"Have they bought it?"

"Practically, yes. Of course, while your option holds good I cannot sell it, but that, as you know, expires in a very few days."

Kenyon, finding his worst suspicion realized, seemed speechless with amazement, and, in his agony, mopped from his brow the drops collected there.

"You appear to be astonished at this," said Von Brent.

"I am very much astonished."

"Well, you cannot blame me. I have acted perfectly square in the matter. I had no idea Longworth and the gentleman who was with him had any connection with you whatever. Their attention had been drawn to the mine, they said, by that article. They had investigated it, and appeared to be satisfied there was something in it—in the mine, I mean, not in the article. They said they had attended a meeting which you had called, but it was quite evident you were not going to be able to form the company. So they came here and made me a cash offer for the mine. They have deposited £20,000 at the bank here, and on the day your option closes, they will give me a check for the amount."

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"Serves me right," said Kenyon. "I have been cheated and duped. I had grave suspicions of it all along, but I did not act upon them. I have been too timorous and cowardly. This man Longworth has made a pretense of helping me to form a company. Everything he has done has been to delay me. He came out here apparently in the interest of the company I was forming, and now he has got the option for himself."

"Yes, he has," said Von Brent. "I may say I am very sorry indeed for the turn affairs have taken. Of course, as I have told you, I had no idea how the land lay. You see you had placed no deposit with me, and I had to look after my own interests. However, the option is open for a few days more, and I will not turn the mine over to them till the last minute of the time has expired. Isn't there any chance of your getting the money before then?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well, you see, in that case I cannot help myself. I am bound by a legal document to turn the mine over to them on receipt of the £20,000 the moment your option is ended. Everything is done legally, and I am perfectly helpless in the matter."

"Yes, I see that," said John. "Good-by." He went to the telegraph office and sent a cablegram.

Wentworth received the dispatch in London the next morning. It read: "We are cheated. Longworth has the option on the mine in his own name."

CHAPTER XXI.

When George Wentworth received this message he read it several times over before its full meaning dawned upon him. Then he paced up and down his room and gave way to his feelings. His best friends, who had been privileged to hear George's vocabulary when he was rather angry, admitted that the young man had a fluency of expression which was very much more terse than proper. When the real significance of the dispatch became apparent to him, George outdid himself in this particular line. Then he realized that, however consolatory such language is to a very angry man, it does little good in any practical way. He paced silently up and down the room, wondering what he could do, and the more he wondered the less light he saw through the fog. He put on his hat and went into the other room.

"Henry," he said to his partner, "do you know anybody who would lend me £20,000?"

Henry laughed. The idea of anybody lending that sum of money except on the very best security was in itself extremely comic.

"Do you want it to-day?" he said.

"Yes, I want it to-day."

"Well, I don't know any better plan than to go out into the street and ask every man if he has that sum about him. You are certain to meet men who have

very much more than £20,000, and perhaps one of them, struck by your very sane appearance at the moment, might hand over the sum to you. I think, however, George, that you would be more successful if you met the capitalist in a secluded lane some dark night, and had a good reliable club in your hand."

"You are right," said George. "Of course, there is just as much possibility of my reaching the moon as getting that sum of money on short notice."

"Yes, or on long notice, either, I imagine. I know plenty of men who have the money, but I wouldn't undertake to ask them for it, and I don't believe you would. Still, there is nothing like trying. He who tries may succeed, but no one can succeed who doesn't try. Why not go to old Longworth? He could let you have the money in a moment if he wanted to do so. He knows you. What's your security, what are you going to do with it—that eternal mine of yours?"

"Yes, that 'eternal mine.' I want it to be mine. That is why I need the £20,000."

"Well, George, I don't see much hope for you. You never spoke to old Longworth about it, did you? He wasn't one of the men you intended to get into this company?"

"No, he was not. I wish he had been. He would have treated us better than his rascally nephew has done."

"Ah, that immaculate young man has been playing you tricks, has he?"

"He has played me one trick, which is enough."

"Well, why don't you go and see the old man and lay the case before him? He treats that nephew as if he were his son. Now, a man will do a great deal for his son, and perhaps old Longworth might do something for his nephew."

"Yes, but I should have to explain to him that his nephew is a scoundrel."

"Very well, that is just the kind of explanation to bring the £20,000. If his nephew really is a scoundrel, and you can prove it, you could not want a better lever than that on the old man's money bags."

"By Jove," said Wentworth, "I believe I shall try it. I want to let him know, anyhow, what sort of a man his nephew is. I'll go and see him."

"I would," said the other, turning to him. And so George Wentworth, putting the cablegram in his pocket, went to see old Mr. Longworth in a frame of mind in which no man should see his fellow-man.

He did not wait to be announced, but walked, to the astonishment of the clerk, straight through into Mr. Longworth's room. He found the old man seated at his desk.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BATTLE OF MARATHON.

Tremendous Consequences Hinged Upon the Victory of the Greeks.

There has been one day in the history of the world fraught with tremendous consequences to the whole of mankind. There have been days when one or more countries have had reason to believe that the crisis had been reached in their history, and their welfare hinged on the success of their encounter with the enemy, a victory that one day might win or lose for them. These were as naught compared with the tremendous weight that hung in the balance when the Greeks met the Persians at Marathon.

In the handful of tiny states that inhabited Greece a new life had arisen. The Greek intellect had developed faculties which indicated that man had advanced another stage toward the highest ideals. Foremost among these little nations was Athens, destined to reach the highest intellectual glory. Athens, too, contained the germs of human freedom; it was the forerunner of the democracies of the world. But the very existence of Athens and Greece was threatened by the huge barbaric empire of Persia. Darius had sent out his hordes of warriors to add the Grecian states to his vast dominions. Face to face his numerous forces met the Athenians on the plain of Marathon. Hitherto invincible in the field, the Persians looked upon the little army opposed to them with contempt. The Greeks themselves hesitated to hazard a battle with the conquerors of the world. Their generals debated the question, and the decision to fight the Persians was caused by the eloquence of the immortal Miltiades. He led his 10,000 Greeks against the Persian hosts and gained a decisive victory. The glorious day of Marathon beat back the advancing tide of eastern despotism and barbarism, and saved the freedom and civilization of the western world.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How Gillott Drew.

The story is going the rounds of the press that Sir Frederick Leighton once supplemented words of advice and encouragement to a struggling young artist by handing him an envelope containing a check for £50 with the remark: "One day, my friend, I do not doubt that you will be able to draw even better than this." This reminds me of the anecdote told of the first visit of old Joseph Gillott, the penman, to Turner.

"I have come to swap some of my pictures for yours," he said. "What do you mean?" exclaimed Turner. "You don't paint!" "No, I don't, but I draw," said Gillott, unfolding a roll of Bank of England notes, "and here are some of my pictures."—Art Amateur.

Curiosities of Law.

Meek-looking Gent—What's the matter, my good man?

Irate Stranger—I'm going to have that woman arrested. She inveigled a dollar out of me on false pretenses.

"Can you arrest a woman for that?"

"Yes, sire!"

"My! My! Law is a curious thing. Why a regular fury of a woman inveigled me into marrying her, by false pretenses—pretended she was an angel—and the law not only won't let me arrest her, but makes me support her!"—N. Y. Weekly.

MONETARY CONFERENCE.

Congress to Be Asked to Create a Finance Commission.

If the President Fails to Appoint, a Committee to Choose One to Formulate a Plan—Gold the Standard and Greenbacks to Be Retired.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 13.—This city is full of financiers. At 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon the monetary conference was called to order in Tomlinson hall, more than 300 delegates being assembled. Hugh H. Hanna, chairman of the executive committee, appointed at a preliminary conference November 18 last, and his associates had selected the following temporary officers: E. O. Stanard, ex-governor of Missouri, temporary chairman; J. W. Smith, secretary of the local board of trade, and also of the executive committee, secretary. Later Smith gave way to Evans Woolen as permanent secretary. He is the secretary of the Commercial club, of Indianapolis.

Mr. Stanard, on taking the chair, spoke 15 minutes.

Among other things, he said: "The present financial methods of our government are largely those adopted during the war, when there were great emergencies. I believe there is a very strong and constantly increasing conviction among our people that some method should be adopted for the retirement of the United States and treasury notes. I would retire them by the sale of long government bonds at a low rate of interest."

Mr. J. W. Smith, secretary of Indianapolis board of works, read the call under which the convention assembled. The emphatic terms of the call declaring it to be the sentiment of the business men of the country that they should take part in shaping the financial legislation of the country and they would never agree to any proposition which would degrade the present standard of values, were received with applause.

Mr. Hanna presented the report of executive committee pursuant to the resolutions of instructions adopted at a preliminary conference December 1. It is said the committee has sent out invitations to the boards of trade, commercial clubs and such like organizations of all cities in the United States of a population of 8,000 and greater, according to the last census, requesting them to send delegations to this convention. There are assembled here 300 delegates, representing business organizations of cities in nearly every state in the union.

The committee recommended for the temporary organization a committee on credentials, on permanent organization, on rules and order of business, each consisting of 15 members; that all resolutions concerning the currency and banking systems and mode of procedure shall be referred without debate to the committee on resolutions, to be appointed by the permanent chairman; that each delegate present shall be entitled to one vote; that the hours for holding the sessions shall be 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., 2:30 to 6 p. m., and 8 to 10 p. m.

The committee on permanent organization recommended the name of C. Stuart Patterson, of Pennsylvania, for president and a vice president from each state represented. Evans Woolen, of Indianapolis, was named for permanent secretary, and W. F. C. Colt, sergeant-at-arms. It was also recommended that the other committees named be continued, and that a committee on resolutions of one from each state be appointed. Adopted.

Mr. Patterson was escorted to the platform by Messrs. E. B. Martindale and H. H. Hanna, of Indianapolis, and Mr. Lowry, of Atlanta, Ga. He addressed the convention.

In accordance with the provisions of the report of the committee on permanent organization, the state delegations elected vice presidents and members of the committee on resolutions.

Hon. J. H. Walker, of Massachusetts, chairman of the house committee on banking and currency in the present congress, was invited to address the convention, which he consented to do.

At the conclusion of Mr. Walker's remarks the convention took a recess until 8 o'clock Tuesday evening.

At the evening session Mr. Dausman, of Chicago, presented the first proposition for the consideration of the convention. It provided for the appointment of a committee of nine members, to be appointed by the president of the United States within 30 days, including one member from the senate committee on finance and one from the